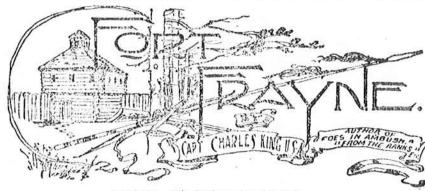
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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.



FORTAICHT. 1896. BY F. TENNYSON NEELY.

CHAPTER VIII.

Alarmed at Mrs. Daunton's failure to row.' rejoin them, Leale had tossed the reins to his orderly, and, leaving Mrs. Farrar sented in the sleigh, hurried into the "Indeed! Werse than I thought, prostrate, senseless form he found, close to the inner door, and only after a deal of trouble did she revive. Greatly alarmed, Mrs. Farrar had caused her to be driven straight home, and there the doctor came and Ellis and ministering angels without stint and questioners without number, but meantime Leale, with wrathful face, had gone to his troop quarters and summoned his first sergeant. Graice had not been with the men at dinner, was that worthy's report. He was at the post exchange eating sandwiches and drinking beer at that moment, and Leale sent for him.

Something had tended to sober the man, for he came into the captain's presence, looking sullen, but self possessed. "I warned you after that affray with Crow Knife," said Leale, "that you were to keep out of temptation and mischief until you were sober enough to understand what I had to say to you. Where were you between dinner call | years. She seemed eager to rid herself

"Walkiing off my heat, sir, as the captain directed."

Leale stood closely scanning the swolgrave and deliberate in dealing with the malcontents of his command, rarely speaking in anger and never in a tone indicative of irritation. Under the captain's calm, steadfast scrutiny Graice plainly winced. His bloodshot eyes wandered restlessly about, and his fingers closed and unclosed nervously.

'You have made but an ill name for yourself thus far, my man," said Leale, 'and this day's work has not added to your credit. What started the trouble with Crow Knife?"

"He struck me," was the surly an-

"You have been drinking liquor today, Graice, and it is said of you throughout the whole troop that when drinking you are ugly and ill tempered. I have known Crow Knife a long time and never knew him to be in trouble be- Frayne, where his presence was a menfore. You are the first man of this com- ace to the peace of so many who were mand to quarrel with him. Let it be dear to her and to the very life perhaps the last time. He bears a good name; of the gentle invalid who was nearest of you have made a bad one. Another all, was torment indeed. thing: You were working there at the hall this morning under Corporal Rorke. her fate, shutting out all thought of her What became of you when the other men left and went to dinner?"

"I-was thirsty-and went for a drink," was the shifty answer.

"Went where? You were not then at the post exchange.'

The soldier turned redder, if possible, hitched uneasily, the bloodshot eyes still | merry chat and laughter again in the eager for any light other than that which burned in the clear, stern gaze of his captain. "I went for a drink." he repeated, "and I'm not bound to say the little party that had gone up, as where and so get some one elso in they expressed it, "to call on Kitty." trouble. I'm not without friends here | She had refused partly from a feeling even if I haven't them among my officers, and I can be true to those who are true to me.

"Such talk is buncombe, Graice," said Leale coolly, "and you know it. You will do better to keep clear of friends who give you liquor. You are sober enough to appreciate now what you hear and what you say. Keep clear Evidently the young people had had undoing. Are you not for guard?"

turn when needed, but I can take no such affront as that redskin slung in my | furiously at his mustache, the body had

"Enough on that score. I'll hear your story tomorrow, when you're both cooled down. Now go to your quarters, and for the rest of this day keep away from three things-Crow Knife, liquor and, understand me, the assembly hall."

The sullen eyes glowed with new anger. The man had been drinking just enough to be reckless. "I'd like to know why I'm not considered fit to work at least," he muttered.

"You are not fit to be seen by the eyes of gently nurtured women, Graice. Your face is bloated, your eyes inflamed, your whole carriage tells of the at them; neither could he afford to let havoo liquor plays. You may as well know that the sight of you was a shock | And right in the midst of all the babel to our guest, Mrs. Farrar, and I suspect of protest and laughter the doorbell that you could tell what it was that so rang, and at the head of the stairs, just tation. startled Mrs. Daunton.'

"I don't know any such"- began the soldier in the same surly tone, but | Corporal Rorke inquiring for Captain Leale uplifted his hand.

"The less you say when you've been drinking, my man, the less you're likely to fall into further trouble. You go no more to the assembly room today, because I forbid. Do you understand?"

"I'vo got rights to go there. Aye, or where my betters cannot go," burst in Thin, bedad, he's nowhere." Graice in sudden fury, but the instant his eyes met those of his captain the words died on his lips and the red lids find him there. Yonder goes the call

"You have said more than enough, sternly answered Leale. Then, turning sharply to a little knot of noncommissioned officers who at the barrack steps were curiously watching the scene, he called, "Sergeant Roe!" and a young soldier in natty uniform came him, and the first sergeant's afraid, springing forward, and, halting close at | sorr.' hand, stood at the salute.

'I leave this man in your charge.

work at his kit and see that he is in proper trim-in every way-for tomor-

"He may be needed today, sir. He's

building in search of her. It was a Graice," said Lealo calmly. "You will be wise to take a cool bath and a nap then. At all events, see that he does not leave the barracks this afternoon, sergeant."

"I will, sir. Come on, Graice." And conscious that he had been in deed playing with fire, yet raging over the sense of his enforced submission, the half drunken fellow turned and followed his young superior.

Meantime there had been anxiety and dismay at the Farrars'. Helen had speedily been restored to consciousness, only to be overcome by a fit of hysterical weeping, succeeded by a nervous attack that defled the efforts of her fondest friends. Mrs. Farrar had, of course, sent for the doctor, but Helen insisted that his presence was utterly unnecessary. She begged to be left alone. She declared the attack to be no new thing. She had suffered just in the same way before, though not for two er three of all attendants. In truth, her one longing was to be allowed to think uninterruptedly. Even at night this might have been difficult. By day, with symlen face of the soldier. He was always pathetic inquirers coming every few minutes to her door and with her gentle friend sitting at her bedside, she found it impossible. If she closed her eyes, that leering, half drunken, swollen, triumphant face came to torment and distract her. If she opened them, it was only to find sweet, anxious features bending overher, full of tenderness, sympathy and unspoken inquiry. Do what she could to allay it, Helen Daunton saw plainly that Marjorie Farrar more than suspected that there was some exciting cause for that sudden prostration. In utter helplessness she lay, striving to plan, striving to see a way out of this thought of the shame that would come new and mest appalling complication, That the man who had wrecked her life should return as it were from the grave

was in itself horrible enough, but that

he should reappear in the flesh here, at

For some hours she lay there facing newborn hope and joy thus summarily blasted, seeing only, thinking only of the peril that involved her friend. The shert winter day wore on. The spirits of the younger members of the social circle seemed undimmed, for, as stable call was sounding, she could hear | peet him to appear before them all, in wandering warily about, as though parlor below stairs. Ellis alone seemed gathering, in drunken exultation, deto share with her mother the anxiety or uneasiness which followed the events of the morning. She had refused to join of indisposition to any gayety, partly from a sisterly sympathy for Will, who, she felt well assured, longed for an uninterrupted half hour with his capricious ladylove, and partly because she shrank from appearing in the colonel's parlor, thereby possibly giving Ormsby half a reason to think she sought him. of it, I warn you, or it will be your | small mercy on Will. Evidently Kitty had lent herself not unwillingly to the "I am, sir, and ready to take my fun at his expense, for, after biting savagely at his finger nail and tugging pitched angrily out of the colonel's house and come home for comfort, and thither had they followed him, two or three happier couples, and, catching | up the window sash. "Air, air!" she him in the parlor, all unconscious of Mrs. Daunton's seclusion aloft, were as cating," and, leaning far out into the bent on coaving him to return with wintry twilight, bathing her aching them as he, with assumption of lordly head in the cold, sparkling air, she indifference, was determined to make it appear that he had no such desire or in-

tention. He carried his point too. He knew well enough that Kit's complicity in the plot was for the express purpose of teasing him. He couldn't afford to let them see he was indignant at her or ing eyes. As she gazed he saw and her see that he was not justly offended. as stable call was sounding, listening ears heard the unctuous, jovial tones of

Leale. Then Will's voice responded, and Will was very distant and dignifled, "Captain Leale is not here, corporal. Have you been to his quarters?"

"Sure, I went there furst, serr, and they told me he was here if mywhere.

"He's gone down to the stables already perhaps," said Farrar, "and you'll now.

"I know, Mast-I know, sor, but the throuble's right here, sorr. Higgins has been took ill on guard. He was right out here on No. 5, sorr, back of the quarters, and that spalpeen Graice is supernumerary, and they vo sint for

"What of?"

"Graice had been drinkin this morn-He is for guard, I believe. Set him to in. He's sober enough now, sorr, but

ho's nervous, wildlike, excited, trampin up and down the barrack flure like a enged hyena, sorr,"

"Then tramping up and down the sentry post will be just the thing for him. It'll cool him off. Put him on." "Very well, sorr. Just as the loot'nant says. I'll tell the sergeant at ence. Five minutes later the parler was deserted, and all was silence below. Now at least Helen Daunton could close her eyes and plan and think. He was to be placed on guard. He would to an past right out here on the blutt. Then what was to prevent her slipping out in the dusk of the evening, when all the estars had gone over to the assembly hall, speaking with him, plending with him. imploring him to go away, anywhereanywhere where he would not again it drunken mood endanger that poer mostier's life by the sudden shock of his presence? She would agree to anything; she would follow him, slave for him, starve with him, be his wife or his handmaid -anything to get him away-far away from the sunshine, the smiles, the hopes and joys and blessings that had been bers at old Fort France

One other plan, she had but little money, and in their flight much might be needed. She must obtain it, for that drink sodden wasten wor'd surely have none. Go she must and would. Go he must and should, for any day, before the whole garrison-oh, shame unntterable-he might take the notion boldly to throw off all disguise and claim her as his wife. Possibly with money she might bribe him to take kindly to her proposition and agree. Then, before he could spend what she had given him, she could escape, return to the east, and somewhere, anywhere hide her head from him, from friends, from the world and all. Home she had none. That went when her father died, lonely and heartbroken, two years before.

And in all that garrison to whom could she appeal, upon whom could she call? One man there was who, well she knew, would open his hand as he had his heart, and its uttermost treasure could be hers for the mere asking, and that man of all others was the one who, she prayed, might never know the miserable truth that this was Royle Farrar-that she was Royle Farrar's

Another there was, generous, helpful and kind, who, did he but learn the identity of the man slinking here under that disguise given by years of drink and debauchery, would aid her to his uttermost farthing, aid her as he had before, out of pity and compassion, aid her now with eager hand through to the girl he loved, the shock that might be in store for her beloved mother. There was the man-Jack Ormsby But how to see him, and when, and where! Not a moment must be lost, be cause, now that Royle's presence was known to her, his wife, any moment might bring on the further catastrophe. She had never known him to step until sodden and stupefied.

Drink, drink, drink. In some form he would find the poison and gulp it down, waxing crazed and nervous if it were withheld from him, turning mad and reckless if it were given. Drink he surely would all through this blessed Christmas eve, and at any hour, any moment on the morrow she might exthe midst of their joyous Christmas manding his seat at his wife's side, at his mother's board. What that would mean to that gentle mother, whose very life seemed now hanging by a thread,

God alone could say. And here she lay, hesitant, impotent, cowardly, when the lives and happiness of those dearest to her were at stake, shrinking even new from an appeal to Ormsby, who alone in all the garrison probably was competent to advise and help, and Ormsby had already suffered, and suffered much on her account. In the loyal observance of his promise he had brought himself under the ban of suspicion, and with half an eye Helen could see that Ellis looked upon their relation with utter distrust. Great heaven! Was she to be a curse to every one who had been kind to her? The

thought was intolerable. Helen Daunton amazed her friend by springing from her bed and throwing moaned. "I feel as though I were suffogazed wildly northward toward the bluff. Aye, muffled in the heavy canvas overcoat, the fur cap down about the bloated, bearded face, slouching along the sentry post was the form she dreaded, hated to see, yet sought with burnstood and, leering over the intervening drifts of spotless snow, kissed his fur gloved paw and tossed his hand in half defiant, half derisive, all insulting salu-

"Mrs. Farrar," she cried in utter desperation, turning madly away from the hateful sight, "I-I must get into the open air awhile. You won't mind, dear. I must walk, walk, run, rush in the cold. No, den't come, and pray let Ellis keep with you. In 10, 20 minutes

at most, I'll return." Malcolm Leale, returns from the stables. See, they're coming now. They will walk with you."

"Oh, no, no, no! Do you not see? I must be alone. I cannot talk with any one. Let me go," she cried. Then, before either the mother could interpose or Ellis, who came hurrying into the room, heavy wrap and gone almost bounding down the stairs.

At the threshold she recoiled, for there, his honest face full of eagerness as the door flew open, stood Jack Opprop.

1—1 was just about to ring, he faltered, "and inquire after you-and for-Miss Farrar. You really startled



"I cannot talk with any one. Let me go." And up aloft they heard-Ellis heard the eager, low toned, almost breathless answer. "Oh, Mr. Ormeby. It was you I sought. Come-right in here."

And drawing him into the parlor she closed the door, reckless now of anything Ellis might suspect, thinking only of the peril that menaced one and all. Perhaps Jack Ormsby's lenging eyes caught one fleeting glimpse of feminine drapery at the head of the little staircase. Perhaps his own wrongs and wees had overmustered him. Perhaps he thought that already he had been too heavily involved, all on account of this fair sufferer and suppliant, but certain it is he followed, hesitant, and that it was with a far from reassaring face he confronted his captor.

"Mr. Ormsby," she burst forth, now much money would you give, at once, this day, to rid this post of the greatest shame and misery that could be brought upon Ellis and her mother!" "I can't imagine what you mean,"

was the uncertain answer. "I mean that Royle Farrar is herein this garrison—a private soldier in Captain Leale's troop.

"Mrs. Daunton! Are you mad?" "Mad? My heaven, I well might be! He came before me this noon, with her, with his mother, not 20 steps away and taunted me and threatened them. Oh, Ged, he means it! He means to make himself known to them and claim their kinship in the way to shame them most. And the shock will kill her, kill her! There is only one earthly way. He will go for money.

"He can't, if he's a soldier. It's desertion. It's-why, they follow them, capture them and it means state prison or something for years."

"I know nothing of that-I know I'm only a helpless, distracted weman, but drink and money are the two things he worships. For them he will risk anything. I can see him this night. He is this moment on post, out here on the bluff. You know him. It's the man they call Tom Graice.'

Ormsby's hat fell from his hand "My heaven! That man here again?"

"Here, here, and I have known it only for a few hours. See what I am suffering. Do you not see what it means if Royle Farrar makes himself knownand he is capable of anything. Shame to Will, shame to Ellis, heartbreakdeath perhaps—to Mrs. Farrar. Do you not see you must help me get him away from here? You must for all their sakes and keep his secret and mine."

"It is my secret, too, Mrs. Farrar." said poor Jack, rallying to the resone now that danger threatened. "I will do whatever you wish, whatever you say. You shall have whatever money I have here and more can follow. You're a brave woman. Forgive me that I doubted you."

"Oh, never think of that now. Only keep my secret yet a little and let me see you before 10 tonight. That's the hour that relief goes on again. I've watched them so often. And-and all the money you think-oven a hundred -two hundred dollars. Oh, God bless you for the help you give me! Now I know you wish to see her, and I must get into the open air awhile." Calling the maidservant, she bade

her take Mr. Ormsby's card to Miss Farrar, then hastened from the house. But the answer brought to honest Jack—poor fellow—was that Miss Farrar begged to be excused.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

SIN AND RELIGION.

Bill Arp Mixes the Circus and the Preachers-Both are Here to Stay

I dident go to the circus, but I took ome of the grandehildren and turned them over to a friend. They had never seen one and were happy." they have something to talk about for What a revelation it is to the youthful mind. I remember it

My father took me to one when I was seven years old, and it still seems like that was the best one. Away back in those days menageries and circuses were not combined. They did not travel together nor come at the same

When old John Robinson first started out he dident have any animals. The menagerie was orthodox; the cir "Ah, Helen, wait until Willy, until cus was heterodex. Christians could go to the one and sinners to the other. But by and by the circus was attached to the menageric and together they tion, for he earnestly believed what caught by the market coming and go-forces for a vigorous campaign against the free tuition feature in the college. a Sunday excursion train to a tebernacle meeting. The devil knows how to mix up frolic and fun with prayers and

Yesterday I traveled with a score or going to Athens to attend the synod. to bring with him a fresh supply of but two roads to trabel-one am de but nature, "devising long and devis- State colleges.

wit and incident—some pepper and broad road dat leads to destruction, and ing slow," set all their plans to eaught. salt to add zest to the religious feast. In the old selemn times of Dr. Wilson and Dr. Patterson and father, say, wit and humor were under the ban. If they were not sin they were on the to de woods. "

Drong road out leads to destruction, and do oder am de narrer road dat leads to September ushered in an ideal autum season for harvesting and maturify and humor were under the ban. If they were not sin they were on the to de woods."

Well I was some to part company. ered almost a heretic and his clerical with the preachers, for they are always to be enjoyed. They are in good health and good humor, and are clean in bedy and in mind. They are the best class of people, and their example and nodding assent to Dr. Wilson's sermons on predestination and original sin. If the good oid doctor was living now he would attack Dr. Wilson's how he would attack Dr. Wilson's health and good humor, and are clean in bedy and in mind. They are the best class of people, and their example and morality and Christian faith is the best safeguard of our government. They have gene to Athens, and both health and pool humor, and are clean in bedy and in mind. They are the best class of people, and their example and morality and Christian faith is the best safeguard of our government. They have gene to Athens, and both health and good humor, and are clean in bedy and in mind. They are the best class of people, and their example and morality and Christian faith is the best safeguard of our government. They have gene to Athens, and both If the good old doctor was living now he would attack Dr. Robins and his book with all the accumulated weapons of a century of study and then seek to knock him down with Calvin's will take a recess—I reckon they will take a recess—I reckon they into market, and the steppe into market, and the s

But our modern clergy are more like haman beings; more like human nature: more like ourselves. They are not so austere and solemn. They are social and some of the younger ones will go a fishing or play ball and the older ones tell anecdotes and smile quite audibly. We were talking about the circus yesterday and one of them told how he attended a synod once at Themasville, and it was circus day and there was a grand street pageant with music and banners and all the animals were on dress parado. The synod was in session, and as the inspiring strains of the martial music fell upon the synod's cars a lay brother couldent subdue his feelings. He rose forward timidly and said:
"Mr. Moderator, it will be impossible

for us to transact any business until that music passes by, for we can't hear anything that is read or spoken. I move you, sir, that we take a recess for ten minutes."
Whereupon an old Calvinistic

cus to pass by; recess because the devil with his satellites id in sinful proces-

Nearer and nearer came the band, the rebellion might be easily suppressand when the lion gave an unearthly cd. He said he had no information as howl preachers and laymen began to In due time the music died away in the distance and the delegates tiptoed United States, in view of the trouble back to their places.

hard work to restrain my risibles. One day our good old preacher asked me to ride out with him to see a man who was partially paralyzed and wa-likely to die impenitent unless it was the Lord's will that he should be saved. so, we visited him and after the usual preliminaries the old preacher said :

ppressed any unseemly emotion So the chapter was read, and the old breacher said in solemn accent: 'My impenitent friend, did you ever hear that chapter read before?' 'Not exactiy,' said he, 'but it appears to me that Tom Garner writ something sorter like it in a letter from Texas once. That nearly upset me, and the of preacher noticed it. After the prayer ve said good-bye and got in the buggy. For half a mile the old man never said word; neither did I. Suddenly he ave a side look toward me and slowly aid: 'Brother Williamson, are you' right sure that you have in your heart he evidences of being a Christian? I replied with great humility that sometimes I did, and sometimes I had ny doubts, and I tried to quiet his alarm about me. 'Brother Williamson,' he continued, 'your conduct today was unseemly and unchristian, and the other day, as I passed you on the sidewalk and you were talking to some hilarious friends, I heard you use some very unscriptural language.'

"This surprised and perplexed me, and I asked him what it was that I You said, "Confound it!" he said. eplied, 'Hereafter you should not call down a curse or a malediction upon anything, but let your communieation be yea yea and nay nay. '"

Some of the preachers then discuss d the doubtful propriety of such words and the use of slang, when I was reminded of the way in which Bob Tayor reproved a man, and so I told them low a rough countryman was introduced to Taylor, and after looking bim over and up and down he said: "Well. Bob, it seems to me I have seen you somewhere before, but I don't know where in the hell it was." "What part of hell do you live in, my friend? vid Taylor, without a smile or change countenance.

"How is politics with you?" inquired a Roman friend, "All calm and serene," said I. "Are we going to have better times?" said he. Yes, of course," said I. "We always do after a presidential election, but how long protective tariff, and all's well that tives at 9,000,000 bales. ends well.'

ion was in great peril-greater peril than it had been since the war; that he tradicted what is known as "the best "Resolved, therefor trembled to think of the momentous of opinion," that authorities have tist State Convention was elected. Repudiation, anarchy ome of the great operators, who have and ruin would follow in its wake. I been winners for years, and were behe said. A few minutes thereafter 1 ing and are heavy losers by the reverting rectuition leature in the college met another valued member of my church, and he said: 'I tell you, my riend and brother, we are going to whip this fight. Providence is on our side, and will not let Bryan be defeated by the cotton fields and played the Methodists will be alifed with such have with vegetation generally. Baptists, and The Hersld feels that about the content of the cotton is used. way. About four times a year the of two good men, and he said that it preachers go somewhere to a religious | reminded him of the old negro preach- great operators to corner the market, | ren in North Caroline convention, and each one is expected | er who said, 'Ah, my bred'rin', dar am | and they thought they had it cornered,

Well, I was sorry to part company

hest safeguard of our government, hedge. They had lost heavily They have gone to Athens, and both ing August and they though the syned and the circus open there up by selling October. Later by

Spain-Fortifying Against Foreign Attacks Near Havana.

General Fitzhugh Lee, Consul Gen-General Fitzhugh Lee, Consul General of the United States to Cuba, returned to Washington hast week from Virginia, where he has been visiting his family. No time has yet been fixed for his return to Havana, but it is mades to all he has been resked to reis understood he has been asked to remain a couple of weeks longer, in order to hold himself in readiness to confer with the President and Secretary of State over the Cuban situation.

General Lee talked interestingly of the Spanish-Cuban situation, and while not denying the possibility of war with Spain, expressed the opinion that the reports that an open rupture was im minent, and that consequent prepara oreacher bounced him and squelched him with indignant sareasm:

"Recess indeed! Recess for a cir aggerated. He said he had no knowledge of immediate danger of hostility though of course there was great feel sion at our doors. No, sir. We will ing among some Spaniards against talk louder and draw nearer, but no this country who thought that without filibustering aid and comfort from here to whether the Spanish were prepartiptoe out until there was nobody left ing for war, but they might be making ave the moderator and the old man. extensive military preparations with-n due time the music died away in out aiming them particularly at the

hilarity out of him. Said he:
"I was born with a lively sense of the ridiculous and sometimes have with a view to possible trouble with the United States, nor that the construction of Spanish war vessels is to be attributed to any such contingency. The Spanish may be improving their defences wherever possible, but it does not necessarily imply expectation of war. The United States is steadily strengthening its fortifications and defence works, but it is an old maxim that says, 'In time of peace prepare

en of these that extend perhaps mile or a mile and a half north of the limits of the city proper. These point to the son, and not toward the insurgents. In case of attack it is possible these might be made to supplement the defense given by Moro Castle, the Cabanas

and Rienna and other forts. "The Spanish authorities rather ensure the United States for not stricty enforcing the neutrality laws, and nany think that, as the sympathy o this country is more with the insurgents than with the Spanish, our government does not want to take the proper pre cautions to prevent expeditions leaving the United States scaports and landing, in Cuba. I told the Spanish authorities that that they must remember that there was an immense extent of seacoast here, with innumerable inlets and places where expeditions could be concentrated and embarked. From the trouble with which they themselves had to prevent the landing of such expeditions on the Cuban coast, noth with-standing the fact that their gunboats and other vessels were constantly patrolling the coast and on the lookout for filibusters, some idea could be formed of the comparative case with which the United States authorities could be evaded. With the comparatively small coast line, I know of only one big expedition—that of the Three Friends—which whas been captured by them. Yet this country has certainly prevented the starting of at least haif i lozen big expeditions for the island. It view of this as an object lesson of the Rock Hill Herald. lifliculty of putting a stop to filibustering, I contend that the Spanish ought o be careful about censuring us.'

THE SHRINKAGE IN COTTON.

The Tumble in Prices Has Lost the South Fifty Millions of Dollars. Atlanta Journal

Cotton is worth \$5.60 per bale less senting: than it was on the 10th of September. The price of January cotton in New meation by taxation is wrong; unjust York on that date was 8.77. To-day it and unwise; wrong against the whole it will last remains to be seen. We opened at 7.61. This makes a differ-will now have a fair test for several ence of \$50,000,000 in the market value of such opportunities; unjust to priyears of a gold standard and a high of a crop estimated by the conserva-

"The day before the election," said he, "one of the most valued members of my church said to me that the nators, and has so confounded and con- spared for that purpose; results that might ensue in case Bryan been several times reversed, while lina reaffirm its opposition ome of the great operators, who have aid by taxation for higher educlistened to him with profound atten- lieved to be almost infallible, were

could mgo one word, she had seized a two of preachers and elders who were ed. I sincerely believe that he has that about the opening of the cotton the contention is just. That is, it been raised up to save the country, and year a 7,000,000 bale crop was the esti- lieves that students who are all They were bright and gental and had on their best clothes. They are good company. They were a subdued Christian bilarity and baye a fund of orthodox acceptors to tell each other on the of these alarming and divergent views January in New York about Sept. 10. We hopefour friends in this There was a mighty movement of not follow the example

will take a recess—I reckon they will, for it is no sin to look at the animals in the street, is it?

Then came the frosts of No. FIFZHUGH LEE TALKS.

No Immediate Danger of War With

Then came the frosts of No. 8, by which, according to first the late bolls of the top crop Mississippi valley and Texas killed. There was a revision of mates and a reaction in prices:

bulls bad their way for a few de Nature has again smiled, deris on of the fallibility judgment; the sunshine the bolls into new 1146 that the damage of s not so great as w n the Missis ippi

here seems to be se crop yet, and estima. toward 9,000,000 bales, the number below 8,500,000, the ultra sunguine make it 8,250,000. So we have prices once more on a low level and the crop has shrunk \$50,000,-

000 in value.

ON A POSTAL CARD.

The Marvellous Feat of Ponmanship Performed by a Bookkeeper. an Francisco Bulletin.

Walter D. Wellman, a bookkeeper 'n the employ of Anspacher Bros, commission merchants, has perfer the remarkable feat of writing in hand 7,068 words on an ordinary po card. About two months ago M. C. Grincourt, a Frenchman, succeeded writing 5,454 words in French on postal card. M. Grincourt's feat mad a great sensation, and his postal car was for a long time on exhibition: the Examiner office. An account gi in the columns of The Examiner re-presented this as the finest and closest A layman whom everybody loved then told how one of these old time, solemn preachers squelched all the hilarity out of him. Said he:

They are having with Guba and the Philippine islands. He said:

"I do not believe that there has been any massing of armament in Guba, with a view to possible trouble with with a view to possible trouble with man, not only in the number of word: nan, not only in the number of word he has succeeded in getting upon one postal card, but in the length of the words he used also. M. Grincourt copied a portion of one of Victor Hugo's novels in which the words were notoriously short. Mr. Wellman copied eight columns of The Bulletin, selected from three distinct articles, so that he could not be accused of copying preliminaries the old preacher said:

"My friend, would it please you for me to read a chapter from the Holy Scriptures and have a prayer in your behalf?"

"About the war sentiment in Cuba? The Spanish officials said nothing to behalf?"

"Well, I den't mind, I'm willing' to oblige you, if it will do you any good,' he said.

"The manner and tone in which he said it excited me, but I bit my lip and suppressed any unseemly constitued to fifteen of these that extend perhaps a fifteen of these that extend perhaps a complished it in six hours of steady work. He wrote it at the pace of fifty words a minute, while his pace in writing the ordinary size is from thirtyfive to forty a minute. The postal can easily be read with a glass, and a person with a good eye can read it without

the help of a glass.
A fellow clerk of Mr. Wellman casily read the postal with his naked eye, but begged off from all postals being written in this fashion, words are written with an ordinary steel pen in violet ink. The ink is a mere matter of chance, and has nothing to do with the fineness of the work Mr. Wellman has never done any work of this kind before. His only practice was in writing the Lord's prayer. Without the slightest difficulty he a complished the feat of writing these seventy-two words in a space no larger than a gold quarter of a dollar. The writer of this curiosity is a young American, twenty-eight years old. He is near-sighted and wears glasses, his eyes must be strong, as he has fered no pain nor inconvenience wh ever from this close work. In fact, his near-sightedness may help him a little,

as near-sighted people usually bee things at a close range much better than people of ordinary sight.

STATE AID TO COLLEGES.

Free Tuition Must be Confined to Indigent Students.

The Baptists of North Carolina have 100 of the 170 members of the State Legislature and this fact is said to endanger the perpetuity of the State colleges. At the meeting of the North Carolina Baptist Association in Raleigh. last week, the following resolutions against the State University and Normal-industrial colleges and schools was adopted, only two delegates dis-

"Whereas, State aid to higher edvate corporations and denominations voluntarily supported; unwise because The course of the market since the the people of North Carolina are now "Resolved, therefore

Agitators in this State are sh their plans and marshalling

against any State a